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5000.00 PRIZE STORIES \$1000.00

The following conditions govern the awarding of prizes of \$1000.00 for the best story, and the manuscript of each entry only as has been completed with all the requirements will be considered for prize.

1. The necessary particulars being here clearly set out, it will be sufficient for any one to make a story in which there can be no mistake.

2. Only one story will be accepted from each writer, and it must be sent to the Editor of the "Gannett" and not sent to any other person, or to any other office.

3. All contributions must be received under any circumstances and no correspondence should be made with the Editor of the "Gannett" or with any other person.

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As soon as the first pier was finished, Little Pierre—the hunchback dwarf of Keesee—perched himself upon the broad coping, and exposed a small stock of goodies, which were purchased by curious visitors and the ever-hungry children.

As the bridge grew, Little Pierre retained his original spot on the capping of the first pier. There he sat all day long; happy, laughing, asking questions, plied, and therefore patronized.

There lived near Keesee old Baron Foulon. He was sixty years old when they began to build the bridge, and was gaily, merry, and rich. In pleasant weather he occasionally rode down into the village from his castle on the mountain, and watched the building.

Little Pierre used to see the Baron; and one day, when the old gentleman's hat blew off, the hunchback ran after it, and restored it to the old soldier. Then the Baron bought some of Little Pierre's wares, and asked him to have the Berlin and Paris papers ready for him whenever he came to the village—fr-weekly.

Little Pierre was faithful in this command. He always had the papers all ready, and he passed them into the great lumbering carriage with a smile and a tip of his ragged velvet cap.

Twelve years climbing up and down the stone wall were quite a bellow in the town. It became the lad for Keesee, when they had visitors and were showing them their new bridge, to ask Little Pierre to climb down and they might show their astonished friends where the hunchback's body had worn the smooth stone away.

The bridge was finished, and a day set apart for the dedication.

When Little Pierre first took his place on the bridge he was ten years old. Now he was twenty-two; but still "Little Pierre." He had not changed any in appearance, unless he was to become more comical.

The day of the dedication the throng was dense, numbers of children climbed upon the pier. In the course of the exercises a tiny girl missed her footing, and, with a shriek, fell into the boiling river.

Before the assembly could realize what had happened, Little Pierre sprang over the coping and dropped into the angry torrent. The exercises were interrupted, while all crowded to the pier and watched the cripple battling with the engulging river.

"Grab something, missey!" cried the shrill voice of Little Pierre, as he struck out toward her were-coated body, sweeping down toward the gate of certain death—the dam.

At the very spot where Little Pierre was wont to sit, stood the grinning old Baron, and roared in the very hollow. In the stone the poor cripple's body had made in his twelve years' struggle for existence.

"Save her, boy, and I'll make you rich for life!" The strong voice of the old soldier rang out across the water. And the multitude roared the benediction.

"Hang on, missey! Don't let go! Don't be scared! I'll save you!" But the voice was weaker than when he called to her before. The child clung frantically to the bending bush.

Little Pierre swam with renewed power. He seized the child by the hair, and instantly she swooned.

Men hurried down the bank and threw out various hooks to the rapidly weakening man. On the bridge stood the pale-faced Baron, his lips muttering the first prayer of his life—for the salvation of the children.

"Hold on a little longer, Pierre!" shouted the men at the further bank.

"I can't!" Little Pierre was the faint response. Little Pierre was frantically dragging his charge after him toward the opposite bank. He seized something! Their drifting rope was checked! Slowly he dragged the dripping, insensible child up the bank—then fell exhausted.

The valley rang with the shouts of the people. The following day a grand carriage, bearing the baronial arms of the ancient family of Foulon, was hailed on the bridge, where Little Pierre sat in the worn hollow, smilingly receiving the congratulations of his townsmen.

"The Baron bade me ask you to ride to the castle. He wishes to see you."

"My!" asked Little Pierre, looking in a puzzled way at the footman.

"Yes, my lad," was the reply. Pierre hobbled down from the pier and entered the carriage.

An hour's drive up the mountain brought him to the castle.

He was shown into the immense library where all the mighty Foulons had planned, studied, and thought.

Before the fire stood the grinning Baron.

"Pierre," he said, his aged eyes blurred with tears, "I was a witness of your valor on yesterday. You have a soldier's heart—you dare! I am told you are an orphan?"

"An, Baron."

"You are an orphan no longer. I adopt you and I have decreed that you inherit my title and entire estate, than which there are none larger, nor finer, in the realm. Henceforth you are my son!"

And he took the little ragged Pierre in his arms and kissed him.

To-day, if you cross the great stone bridge at Keesee, they will point to a dagger of pure gold, which the old Baron, before he died, had poured into the hollow where Little Pierre and for twelve years, through hardship and poverty.

"This is my monument to my brave son," the old man used to say, as he rubbed his hands and shooked. "My brave son! The greatest of our name! He saved a life! He has saved a fortune!"

Every day there rolled into Keesee a superb equipage, bearing the crest and livery of the Foulons; and, reclining on the heavy satin cushions, sat a diminutive man, with a pale face and a deformed back. Beside him a sweet-faced woman, who never seen the bridge but the shadow, and often wept.

"Pierre, doesn't it seem like a dream?" She is the Baroness Foulon.

"BLACK JACK."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALVIN B. JOHNSON.

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ANNE Jane! just cast your eyes up the road and see what's coming!" As he spoke John Newman, across from the chair, where he had been sitting in the cool shade of the front porch, enjoying his after-dinner rest, and pointed up the highway. His voice expressed so much surprise that it brought his wife at once to his side.

"Land of goodness!" she exclaimed, a fire peering up the road, for, in the world to her dad thinking of to get her one of those outlandish machines. It isn't decent," said Newman, in seven counties. Bides horse-like like a snap. "It does beat all how little men folks know about what is proper and what isn't for girls; and neighbor Ward knows less than common," and she turned defiantly to her husband.

"Well, if 'Black Jack' is a fair sample of a man's bringing up, I'll yield the point, wife," Mr. Newman replied. "She's the biggest, meanest, and can run—why, I'll bet two to one she can beat any girl in the township on a straight mile race. Jigol look at her comel! Great Scott! there's Tom on Brown's team and they are racing, ever so shooting!" The idea of that girl thinking she can beat Brown's team, and she the fastest horse in the county!

Here former Newman's excitement got the better of him and he rushed, bare-headed, down to the road; for Tom was his boy and Brown him an own blooded man.

Mrs. Newman, hardly less agitated than her husband, whisked her apron over her head and hurried after him.

Down the road, like the wind, came the girl and boy; the strong clean limbs of the brown team coming squarely to touch the ground, and the whirling wheels of the "snafy" fashing a full two rods ahead.

"Hear my! Hear my!" roared the farmer. "Don't let a girl on two wheels beat you on the fastest horse in the county! Larrup her! Larrup her!"

And Tom "Larrup her."

But still, swift and direct as the flight of an arrow, the "snafy" shot on, and the girl, leaning well forward, her bright eyes flashing straight to the front, her long hair streaming from beneath her bonnet, her hands dark face aflame with excitement, and her slender feet driving the pedals, like the piston-rods of a locomotive.

The goal was the gate in front of Mr. Newman's house, and now she was not ten rods from the "snafy" in the lead.

"Oo! O! Go, Tom!" shouted Mr. Newman. "Go it or go it or the 'gall' beat you!"

Tom yelled and whipped; but in six. With

THE LITTLE BARON.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLIAM A. LEWIS.

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CROSS the river at Keesee is a stone bridge.

It required twelve years to build the massive structure of your derisive masonry; because it had to be one of the strongest in the world. The current at Keesee is swift and most peculiar conditions; but annually the ice and snow in the mountain send down giant flows, tossed and hurled by the swollen and angry waters, necessitating towers and arches of prodigious resistance.

So they took twelve years to build the great stone bridge at Keesee.

















women are considering at present. The illustration which we give presents two very attractive suits. There is but one fault to be found with the tennis costume; the young woman who is to play tennis should

With that exception, is a perfect one for all outdoor sports and for walking purposes. If the skirt came only to the top of the young woman's knees, it would be neater, more convenient, and altogether more appropriate for any sort of outdoor work than it is now. The skirt is made perfectly plain and gored so as to fit nicely about the hips. A plain full shirt waist is worn with it, and a wrinkled sash of bright

to have the same  
longer than the tops  
of the boots. Navy  
blue serge, or some of  
the pretty designs in  
annel make excel-  
lent outing costumes.  
For the girl who  
wants to go mountain  
climbing with her

Not if you take half  
much pains to  
have your feet well  
dressed as you do  
with your shoulders.  
Nothing is prettier  
than a neatly fitting

her heel is ripped, or the shoes need blacking badly, so long as her skirts are down to hide her feet. She does not stop to think that whenever she gets in or out of a carriage or even a press-room she dis-

such impressions which she thinks those who will give. Now with a short skirt she will become more particular; she will have a neatly-fitting boot or shoe, and will always see that these are properly tied or buttoned. Her stockings will not have holes in the heels, nor will she loosely cover her ankles. She will take much pains to have her feet well dressed and will rub her hands; and then she will not be

which have been so much worn for a year past, white ones are not quite so popular this year, while one of the old time having come into favor again as being the most desirable of anything, especially for the house wear; it is not yet considered good to wear white skirts on this street in a rainy day. This young woman's dress is made of organdy with lace insertion, and trimmed with lace insertion.

As the season advances the return to the tailor-made gown for street wear has been quite marked; and indeed it is impossible to imagine a more becoming, useful, and suitable everyday gown, than the tailor-made, as worn

[illegible]

OUT-DOOR COMFORTS.

Parasols this summer are ruffled and trimmed and furbelowed until they can hardly be recognized as a plain parasol any more. An old p

Parasols this summer are ruffled and trimmed and furbelowed until they can hardly be recognized as a plain parasol any more. An old parasol may be easily remodeled by putting a full ruffle and a ruffle of chiffon around it, or even a ruffled ribbon of lace. Some of the more expensive ones have a great many flowers and fluttering ribbons on them, which make them

Shoulder capes are as much worn as ever, and are picturesque and convenient. This summer's styles are short and very full, and the shoulder trimmings are much different from those of last year. Black silk, satin and moiré heavily trimmed or overlaid with lace, are favorite materials. Triple-plaited ruffles of

and are a good way of freshening up old goods. Little folks dresses are very much the same this year as last. Skirts are made full, full sleeves are puffed as widely as possible, and shoulder frills prevail on everything. Little girls all wear the convenient reefer, which may be nice enough for dressy wear, or made to be the hard uses of every day play.

WALTER R. SAMPSON JR. Col. Virginia Infantry

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COL. PRENTISS INGERSOLL

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well-known to me, who had been told a United States Army Paymaster was quartered. He took his iron box with him, and there was a fortune in it. He took it to the Boys in Blue, and for at that time Confederate "greenbacks" were at par, and, ex-

Retreating from Holly Springs, I deemed it duty to make a camp with the few men under my command, near the plantation home of Colonel H. H. Hildreth, a gallant officer commanding a Confederate regiment in Virginia. My ramblings about Holly Springs boy had taken me often to the colonel's plantation and absence had not caused me to forget that at Raven Plantation there was a lovely young girl, Jessie, who had won my boyish heart. Not far

With a good supper, conversation and music evening passed away only too quickly; and before I was aware of it, I was departing that night I was asked by Miss Jessie to write something in her album. In those days I sometimes guilty of love-sick verse; yet try might on that occasion, the muse would not inspire me. I could not make two lines rhyme, and in reply I made a demand upon the United States Treasury to help me.

or your happiness through life."

At midnight, parted, Jessie and she not enough pressed with my boy a brilliant career promise to wait for until the "cruel war over." Knowing

high." The beautiful h  
of Colonel F—  
wreck, and he return  
from Appomattox to  
himself ruined  
poverty staring  
loved ones in the  
Without money  
could hire no help.

her girlhood treasures, Miss Jessie took from hiding place the old album forgotten for years. It was a strange coincidence she opened it to a page upon which I had pasted the "greenback" written my name. Filled with the names of Confederate soldiers, the old album had been laid

"My child, that saves us! With the check I have can fit out the plantation and live until the rest come in. We will not have to leave our dear home."

So said the colonel, and the bill was at once to warm water, my page of the album being turned. They followed purchases of grain, food, wood, and a couple of mules, while the old plantation hands were glad to work at small wages.

It was years after, in 1873, that I was standing

He knuckled lightly at the door, and opening saw a handsome woman with gray hair, a lady thirty, and a sunny haired little girl of four.

Not the girl Jessie I had known, but a woman married to a wife and the mother of the little maiden of five. The welcome they gave me was warm and sincere, and then I learned how my lack of poetical imagination, culminating in the pasting in the album of the greenback, had saved their home and been the foundation of the prosperity that had come to the

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AND HER OWLS.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS.	
Alice M. Brown,	\$3.00
R. Earl McGrew,	2.50
Marian Marche,	2.00
Katharine Barron,	1.50

AM going to introduce a new cousin first, who brings us a very interesting story of a strange set of people. She says:

mountains standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. On either side of the river, which is spanned by rarely abandoned bridges, the hills are fringed by fields of brilliant yellow wildflowers. Each step of the terrace set back from the walls of the one below gives the building a queer, jumbled up appearance in the foreground to our left, is seen the ruins of an old Catholic Church, a defunct-looking relic of the settlement's early days. The hillsides are dotted with trees and looking for sitting here and there are seen the gaily dressed little Indians, gorgeous in their rainbow-hued holiday attire. It is a feast day and the whole tribe are on dress-parade, and quaint and picturesque costumes abound. From the under-

[Round *ad libitum*, comes the muffled sound of music  
 living to the scene a weird, uncanny effect. The

face pueblo is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of a Pueblo Indian fortress. We enter by a ladder outside, to the flat roof, (heavy, solid beam covered with dirt to the depth of a foot or more) then through a hole down into the room below, by means of another ladder, a proceeding which seemed just

little slow. This means a defense from warlike tribes being no longer necessary, some of the rooms are now modernized by having front doors cut through the thick walls. The inhabitants of this inner town, some four hundred in number, have their own system of government. They are some- what closer to the outside world than the outer

which they own in common. When the Spaniards came in from old Mexico, the Pueblos took them as allies against their enemies, and the King of Spain let aside this tract of land extending three miles in each direction from the church door. They have a

little adobe chapel and observe a great many feasts, the most noted of which is San Geronimo's in September, which is always attended by great crowds of visitors who come from far and near to witness the races and curious ceremonies performed in connection with the festival." ALICE M. BROWN.

The following cousin needs no introduction to many of us:

The term Barnites has no significance anywhere but here. Florida has her crackers, other States

have their hayseeds, snake-hunters, etc., but no locality has the genuine Barnite except what are known as the Barrens of Alabama and Tennessee. This term is applied properly to a narrow strip of twenty miles lying on both sides of the line between the aforesaid States. They run through the counties

at Lincoln, Giles, Laurence, Wayne, Tennessee; and Lauderdale and Limestone, Alabama. They are on the same soils, poor, with white-red soil that will hardly grow weeds, for they seem lonesome and few and far between. The timber is principally post-oak, and occasionally a large tree. There are very few cedars in this range's wood. The common

good English and would shine in any society. There are both bad and good people here, as everywhere."  
R. EARL MCGREW, Elkton, Tenn.

**How many of you ever saw an Opossum?**  
"The Opossum is exclusively an American animal."

when first born  
and are blind  
naked and  
shapeless. The  
mother at once  
places them in

'Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve dat 'possum, chillen,  
Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve him to der heart.'

her through the bars. The result was that the fowl was killed, yet the Opossum was none the better off for it. This same thing occurred six nights; traps were set all around the grounds, but evidently we had no common Opossum to deal with. However, on the seventh night Sir Opossum, emboldened by his

It's a long jump from a 'possum to the Orkney Isles, but I reckon we can make it.

"If my cousins will look at the map of Europe they will see off the north coast of Scotland the Orkneys, a number of small islands like fragments of earth cast in the sea. There are seventy-three of these islands, twenty-nine of which are inhabited—Pomona, or Mainland the largest of the group, is

only entrance, and through it human beings, cows, pigs and poultry found their way to their common abode. The domestic animals occupied one side of the hearth, whilst the side on which the fire burned was sacred to the family. Two fat pigs dozed and grunted by the fire, and within three yards of the

twig and then a split made in the slope. The twig is then cut off about five inches in length. Next the root is cut and split also and joined to the twig, the grafter being careful to get one side of the bark even. When several of them are thus put together, they are

found in large numbers in the West Indies, and is a wonderful intelligence in building its nest. It is also called the trap-door spider, and is found in the parts of California. This nest is formed of very hard clay, colored deeply with brown oxide of iron. It is constructed in the form of a tube about one inch in diameter, and six or seven

ADOLPH BAILOFF,  
Durand, Wisconsin.

The oyster is cut from the shells into a gallon measure and the shells dropped through the opening in the bench in a flash. When the measure is filled they are carried to the packing room and they receive a brass check which is valued at twenty cents. These shuckers make as much as \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day in

the busy season. They have to be very careful and not to 'shoe string' or cut the oysters, or they will be discharged. They sing the whole day through. After the oysters are shucked they are washed in large tubs and filled into cans containing a certain weight. Oyster liquor is made with salt and water; tin caps

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